

# 200 Constance of Cleueland.

A very excellent Sonnet of the most faire Lady *Constance* of *Cleueland*  
and her disloyall Knight. To the tune of *Crimson Velvet*.



**I**T was a yongfull Knight,  
lou'd a gallant Lady,  
Fairst she was and bright,  
and of vertues rare:  
Her selfe she did behaue  
so courteously as may be,  
Called were they by name,  
ioy without compare.  
Here began the griefe,  
Paine without reliefe,  
her husband sone her loue forsooke,  
To women lewd of mind  
Being bad inclin'd,  
he onely lent a pleasant looke:  
The Lady she sate weeping,  
While that he was keeping  
company with others moe:  
Her words my Loue, belene not,  
Come to me and grieue not,  
Wantons will thee ouerthrow.  
His faire Ladies words  
nothing he regarded,  
Wantonne she affords  
such delightfull sport:  
While they dance and sing,  
with great mirth prepared,  
She her hands did toying  
in most grieuous sort.  
Oh what hap had I  
Thus to waile and cry  
trespected every day:  
Lining in paine,

While that others gaine  
all the right I should enioy?  
I am left forsaken,  
Others they are taken,  
Ah my Loue, why dost thou so?  
Her flatteries belene not, &c.

The Knight with his faire Piece,  
at length his Lady spied,  
Who did him daily steepe  
of his wealth and steepe:  
Secretly she stode,  
while she her fashions tried,  
With a patient mood,  
while she the Trumpet stode:  
O fir Knight, quoth she,  
So dearely I loue thee,  
my life doth rest at thy dispose,  
By day and eke by night,  
For thy sweet delight,  
thou shalt me in thy armes disclose.  
I am thine owne for ever,  
Still will I perseuer  
true to thee where ere I goe.  
Her flatteries belene not, &c.

The vertuous Lady mild  
enters then among them,  
Being big with child,  
as euer she might be.  
With distilling teares  
she looked then vpon them,  
Filled full of teares,

thus replied she:  
Ah my Loue and Deare,  
Wherefore stay you here,  
refusing me your louing wife,  
For an Harlots sake,  
Which each one will take,  
whose vile deeds prouoke much  
Many can accuse her, (with)  
O my Loue refuse her,  
with thy Lady home returns:  
Her flatteries belene not,  
Come to me and grieue not, &c.  
All in fury then  
the angry Knight vpstart  
Very furious, when  
he heard his Ladies speech:  
With many bitter termes  
his wife he ouerthwarted,  
Using hard extremes,  
while she did him beseech.  
From her necke so white,  
he toke away in spight  
her curious chaine of finest gold,  
Her Jewels and her Rings,  
And all such costly things,  
as he about her did behold.  
The Harlot in her presence,  
he did gently reuerence,  
and to her he gave them all.  
He sent away his Lady,  
full of woe as may be,  
who in a sound with griefe did fall

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The second part,

To the same tune.



This Ladies wrong  
the Harlot star'd and laugh'd,  
herements are so strong,  
they over-come the wife:  
the knight nothing regarded,  
for the Lady scoffed,  
his was her reward,  
for her enterprise.  
The Harlot all this space  
him oft embrace,  
she flatters him, and thus both say,  
that he die and live,  
and my faith he give,  
that we shall work my bones decay.  
Thou shalt be my treasure,  
Thou shalt be my pleasure,  
Thou shalt be my hearts delight:  
Thou shalt be my darling,  
Thou shalt be my twofolding,  
Thou shalt be my fortunes spight.  
He did remaine  
in wastfull great expences,  
he bred his paine,  
and confum'd him quite:  
his lands were spent,  
he was in his senses,  
he did repent  
his lawd delight:  
where he lies,  
where he lies,  
where on whom he spent his gold,  
he doe him deny,  
he doe him despise,  
he will not once his face behold.  
Thou shalt be distressed,  
Thou shalt be oppressed,  
Thou shalt be that night be lay,  
the Harlot knowing,  
her malice growing,  
to take his life away.

A young and proper Lad,  
they had slaine in secret,  
for the gold he had:  
whom they did conuey,  
By a Russian lewd,  
to that place directly,  
where that youthfull knight  
slept a sleeping lay:  
The bloody dagger than,  
wherewith they kill'd the man,  
hard by the knight he likewise laid,  
sprinkling him with blood,  
As he thought it good,  
and then no longer there he staid.  
The knight being so abused,  
was forthwith accused  
for this murder which was done,  
And he was condemned,  
that had not offended,  
shamefull death he might not shun.  
When the Lady bright  
understood the matter,  
that her wedded knight  
was condemn'd to die,  
to the king she went  
with all the speed that might be,  
where she did lament  
her hard destiny:  
Noble king, quoth she,  
Pitty take on me,  
and pardon my poore husbands life,  
Else I am undone,  
With my little son,  
let mercy mitigate this griefe.  
Lady saie, content thee,  
Some thou wouldst repent thee,  
if he should be saued so:  
Soe he hath abus'd thee,  
Soe he hath misus'd thee,  
therefore Lady let him goe.

O my liege, quoth she,  
grant your gracious fauor,  
Deare he is to me,  
though he did me wrong:  
The king repli'd againe,  
with a sterne behauiour,  
A subject he hath slaine,  
die he shall ere long,  
Except thou canst find  
Any one so kind,  
that will die and set him free.  
Noble king, she said,  
Glad am I afraid,  
the same person will I be,  
I will suffer duely,  
I will suffer truely,  
for my lone and husbands sake.  
The king therefore amazed,  
though he her duty praised, (take,  
he bade that thence he should her  
It was the kings command,  
on the morrow after,  
she should out of hand,  
to the scaffold goe:  
Her husband pointed was,  
to beare the sword before her,  
he must eke alas,  
give the deadly blow:  
He refused the deed,  
she bade him proceed,  
with a thousand kisses sweet.  
In this wofull case,  
they did both embrace  
which mon'd the Russian in a place  
straight for to discover  
this concealed murder,  
whereby the Lady saued was,  
The Harlot then was hang'd,  
as she well deserved,  
this wofull being to pass.